

The Mirror

OF

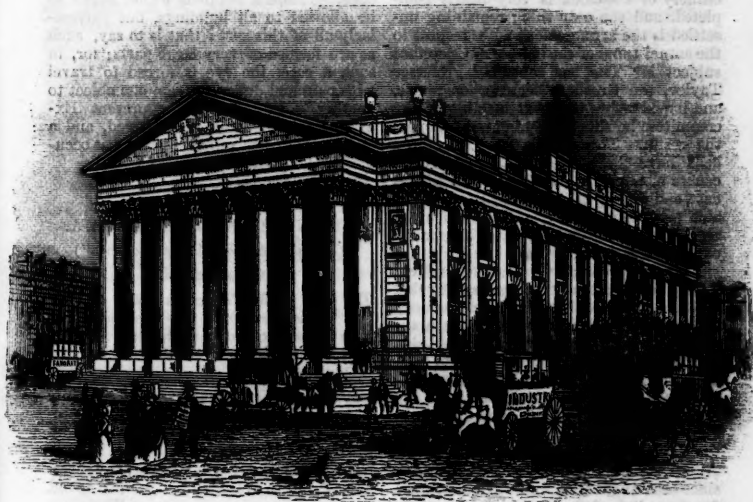
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 1.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1844.

[Vol. I. 1844.]



Palmer's Glyptography.

Original Communications.

NEAR COMPLETION OF THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.

"How swiftly time passes!" is the universal reflection at the opening of every new year; and many a time and oft it occurs to all of us in the progress of each succeeding twelve months. To our readers, as to ourselves, looking back it will not seem very long since a graphic representation of the Royal Exchange appeared in 'The Mirror,' on the occasion of the first stone being laid of the new mart of commerce of this great emporium of the civilized world; and now the note of preparation is sounded for its completion, and within a very limited period the vast edifice, such as it is represented in our engraving, will be opened to the traders of London.

Mr Tite, the architect, sanguinely anticipates that no delay will occur. He declares that he can apprehend nothing at present, unless some unusually severe

No. 1197.]

weather should occur shortly, to prevent the realization of his hopes, that the contract will be completed in the time originally agreed upon.

In a report sent to the Gresham Committee, on the 20th of last month, on the state of the New Exchange, he has supplied a very gratifying account of the advance of the works, and of the prospect before him. It appears, from this document, that very little now remains to be done in the decorative portion; the roof is nearly finished, and the tower is completed to the cleaning down of the stone-work, which will be done whilst the scaffold is removing. With regard to the sculpture, Mr Tite reports that every figure has been transferred from the model to the stone, and that a month's labour will complete the work, so that it will be ready for hoisting within that period. When the sculpture shall have reached its position, the finishing touches will be given to it by Mr Westmacott.

The little time which it is expected this

[VOL. XLIV.]

will 'consume may surprise many of our readers. Judging from its present advanced state, the architect says he has no hesitation in assuring the committee that, if necessary, it could all be in its place and completely finished within two months from this date. The dials and hands of the clock had been prepared, and were to be put up as soon as the scaffold had been sufficiently removed to enable the men to place them with safety. The machinery of the clock is very nearly completed, and the only thing remaining unsettled is the arrangement with respect to the actual tunes of the chimes. Upon that subject Mr Tite has consulted Professor Taylor, the Gresham lecturer on music, and hoped before the next meeting of the committee he should be prepared to report the result. The moulds for some of the bells have been prepared, and, in the course of a month, several of them will be cast, and we may mention that the remarkable grasshopper of the Old Exchange, regilt, has been restored to its former exalted situation.

Everything seems to have favoured "the march of brick and mortar" in this instance. It is said the utmost harmony and good will have prevailed between the architect and those employed under him. How ridiculously other public works have been in some instances delayed, from discord, strikes, and combinations, need not here be told. Out of the proceeds of the exhibition of the pavilion, as fitted up for the laying of the first stone by Prince Albert, a fund was raised, which has since been augmented from various sources, for the relief of the workmen who might suffer through any accident. From this arrangement the best results have been experienced, and comfort afforded to those who were so unfortunate as to suffer among those casualties which are almost inseparable from the raising of an edifice so stupendous. Mr Tite concludes with congratulating the committee, at the close of the third year of the work, on the favourable state of the seasons throughout the whole period. The mildness of last winter, and the unusually fine spring which followed, were greatly in favour of building operations; and though the early part of the summer was wet, yet since August up to the present time, scarcely a day had been lost by interruption from the weather.

Before the Exchange is regularly opened, it is in contemplation to give the public the benefit of a passage through it from Cornhill to Threadneedle street.

It is opposite the entrance, represented in our present cut, that the bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington is to be placed. That also, we are informed, is proceeding rapidly towards completion under the direction of Mr Weeks.

We hope the whole will be worthy the great names of Smirke, Gwilt, and Hardwicke, who were originally called upon to furnish a design worthy of the age in which we live and the country which it is to adorn. On the late Exchange, Dr Smollett, in the 'Critical Review,' remarked, "A building of that extent, grandeur, and elevation ought, without question, to have had an ample area before it, that we might comprehend the whole and every part at once. This is a requisite which ought to be allowed to all buildings, but particularly all of this sort; that is to say, such as are formed of very large parts; for, in such a case, the eye is forced to travel with pain and difficulty from one object to another." In building the present Exchange this has been remembered, and a much nobler area provided than was occupied by its predecessor.

MR SNEEZE AND HIS DRAMA.

(By the Author of "George Godfrey.")

CHAPTER III.

The play of Mr Sneeze is acted with the usual improvements. He is congratulated on its success, and gains as much notoriety as he could desire.

PERHAPS I am too particular; Mrs S. is sometimes of that opinion; but I certainly was by no means satisfied with the proceedings of the theatre as the time approached when my play was to be performed. Not only was time utterly disregarded, but in everything, it seemed to me, there was a perfect absence of discipline. The scene-shifters, supernumeraries, and carpenters were bullied in a tone sufficiently loud, and in terms quite coarse enough for anything; but no sedate, continuous, business-like attention, appropriate to the importance of the subject, was bestowed upon my play. Both Mr Grunt and Mr Sinister were anything but perfect at the last rehearsal. This, I should mention, took place on the stage while a melodrama was going on in the saloon, and the music of an operatic drama being tried in the green-room, each of which contributed a variety of dissonant sounds, from time to time, in order to make the confusion in which I was mixed up complete. I was, however, told by Snubby and others the piece went beautifully, that it was quite safe, and that I should find when the performers came before the audience that all were completely up in their parts.

At length the night so long looked forward to with hope and expectation arrived. I was a little startled, on going behind the scenes, to hear from Sinister, the piece having been previously reduced from three to two acts, that he and Grunt were both

decidedly of opinion that it would play infinitely better in one.

To this I would not consent. I showed that events were supposed to pass between two of the scenes, divided by the closing of the act, which it would be preposterous to say had occurred if the action continued, as the characters whom they affected remained in the presence of the audience on the stage.

I went to the box reserved for me and my family on the momentous occasion. The lamps were up, the band was playing, the house was tolerably full, and in a few minutes I saw the curtain ascend. A dialogue was commenced, but to my infinite astonishment and discomfiture the characters were not those I expected to see. The fact was, the parties who came on were acting the second scene, not a word of the first having been spoken.

Again I went behind, and was so fortunate as to find Mr Sinister, who was just about to go on.

"Here's a fatal mistake," I exclaimed, in a voice faltering from deep emotion.

"Mistake! What mistake?" he inquired.

"Why, they are doing the second scene instead of the first."

"Instead of the first! O no, the first is cut out."

"Cut out!"

"To be sure it is, old chap."

"But it was not cut out while I was present."

"No; that was settled this afternoon, shortly after you left. Grunt said the piece must not occupy more than an hour and ten minutes in acting, and so the first scene was omitted."

"But without that," I remarked, "what follows cannot be understood."

Just then a burst of applause was heard in front of the house.

"There, old chap! do you hear that?" cried Sinister, in a tone of congratulation. "Your piece is going famously. As to the audience not understanding it, what the devil does that signify so they do but laugh and applaud? We know how to manage these things better than you do."

Another sound of laughter and clapping of hands came at that moment to support Mr Sinister's speech, and I began to incline to his opinion, that so the audience did but laugh and applaud, the rest was a matter of secondary importance.

A little tranquillized by this feeling, and by the favourable state of things, so far as I could judge from the laughter still heard in front, I returned in better humour to my box. Here, the moment I entered, my wife flew at me like a fury, "for introducing such low, vulgar jokes into my play, and bringing my own daughter there to listen to them." I was totally unprepared

for this, as the thing which I had all along plumed myself upon, even more than my wit, humour, and invention, was delicacy; and to show that mirth could be excited without grossness of any description, I had uniformly avowed to be one of the many excellent lessons or examples intended to be given, both to authors and actors, in my drama.

My daughter, though she affected not to hear, or not to understand, what her mama was saying, looked as sour and as solemn as if she had been denied permission to go to a ball. I was on the point of replying, with some impatience, to a charge so totally unfounded, when I was thunder-struck at hearing a coarse witticism from the stage, which I had never for a moment thought of connecting with my dialogue, and a string of slang speeches followed, which I had no more to do with than had my predecessor, the late Mr Shakspeare. These so disgusted me that I felt disposed to jump on the stage and address the audience, to explain the nature of the outrage thus in course of perpetration.

With difficulty I refrained from adding, by such a step, to the gratification of the grinning multitude. The laughter continued; but I could clearly perceive that not a little of it was ironical, and the cries of "bravo, bravo," which repeatedly followed, were carefully shouted, when anything peculiarly absurd or censurable came out, by Mr Dickenson and his brothers, and a party of their friends who had come in on free admissions which I had procured for them as supporters of the play and the author, and who were in this way, not knowing that my eye was upon them, diverting themselves at my expense.

The principal scene was now to open, and as both Grunt and Sinister were in it, I hoped, for their own sakes, they would endeavour to do something worth seeing, and that they would keep to the text, remembering, as I did, Captain Snuff had assured me those gentlemen were invariably "letter perfect." My disappointment and affliction are not to be described.

"The greatest of the versifying tribe,

To paint them, holds an inefficient pen,"

when these "letter perfect" professors stood before me, and I heard them open the scene and immediately proceed to the concluding speeches. Then they went back to what ought to have been spoken before, and closed the dialogue by repeating several of the passages which had been prematurely delivered. The audience were puzzled: some scornfully laughed, and others peevishly hissed; while I, burning with shame, sat panting, like Zanga, for revenge.

By this time my pride of authorship was pretty well humbled, yet it caused me to

experience many an additional pang to hear the silly, wanton, and preposterous deviations which occurred in every scene. The underlings successfully copied the insolent negligence or wilful foolery of their better-paid accomplices in literary murder; and lumps, who had but six lines to recite, misconceived, transposed, forgot, or blundered in four of them. When a jest turned on a particular word being hastily spoken, that word was withheld, or another substituted for it, so that the point was effectually sacrificed. A serious speech, through inaccuracy in the less prominent passages, was rendered feeble and unmeaning. I saw the folly of trusting fine language to these hackney jabberers, and cordially applauded the scorn expressed by Sir Walter Scott, for the "Two-penny Tearmouths" of the stage.

I ought to state, however, that Snubby was an exception. He did not throw the author overboard, but spoke what was set down for him with but few, and those not very miserable, additions of his own. It gave me, however, as much pain as pleasure to remark, that where the play, as originally prepared, was allowed to come before the audience, their applause was loud, and, as I thought, genuine. It was when the *improvements* by the practical gentry, who knew what would take, were reached, that contempt and disgust were manifested. The trash which the malice or the muddy brains of old Grunt and his crew had supplied came like an overpowering blight (so my poetical imagination suggested) to wither and annihilate. After all that I had said, to my astonishment and horror the piece was performed in one act. This crowning piece of intrepid folly was all that was wanting to complete my confusion and despair.

When the curtain fell I was behind the scenes. Snubby, who had been a good deal applauded, congratulated me on the success of my piece, and whispered to me that I had better thank Mr Grunt for his wonderful exertions; at the same time, he good-naturedly added, it would be as well in my preface, when it was published, to "*soap him*," by giving him the customary "heartfelt tribute to his skill as a manager, his genius as an actor, and his kindness and singleness of heart as a man."

As the old savage drew near I attempted compliance with the first part of this kind advice, by thanking him for — a scene happily fell at that moment and spared me the necessity of completing the falsehood.

I made rather an uncomfortable supper that night. My wife said little, but I thought I saw an expression of disdain, which I should have resented almost with fury, but that I felt I deserved it. Nothing

that had occurred at all lowered my estimate of the high talent with which I had long held myself to have been most bounteously endowed, but I felt degraded by the reflection that so gifted a writer as I was should have meanly given way to the insolent and ridiculous airs of a *chique* of trumpery playhouse dunces. To think of this was wormwood. Tears stood in my daughter's eyes. She had assumed so much consequence, and talked so grandly in company about "papa's play," which was about to be produced, that my disappointment touched her heart. My little boy, whose unaccountable dulness at the early readings has been noticed in the proper place, was the only one of the family who kept up his vivacity. He, while he recalled what he had witnessed in the course of the evening, was frequently seized with a fit of laughter not less hearty and involuntary than that formerly produced the horsewhip; and said in answer to a question I put, and I believe he spoke the truth, that to him the whole affair seemed very dull.

All night long I was restless, and but small comfort came with the morning. I sent to borrow the newspapers the first thing. I really know not how to characterize the feeling which they caused me to experience. The lively ridicule of some, and the severe contempt of others, alternately took my breath away, and made me foam with rage. The worst of it was I could not deny that the strictures which annoyed me were apparently but too well founded. The absurdities on which their writers decanted were all they described; but they were not mine; the sarcasms in which they indulged were well merited; but it was not my play that was to blame, but the manager's and players'. Not only were my prospects of fame and profit, so far as the theatre was concerned, given to the winds, but I was held up to the scorn of the town for fooleries in which I had no share. When the morning and evening papers had done with me, the weekly journals took up the theme with the same amiable vivacity, and in due time the monthly magazines did the like. The abortion supposed to be mine was visited with the most unsparing ridicule, and all the scorn of which it was the object, my friends, without a single exception that I ever heard of, concluded must of course belong of right to me.

I have not since aspired to improve public taste and reform the stage, and I am by no means so eloquent as formerly on the deficiencies of modern dramatists. The system I have pictured, and which I have reason to believe is not confined to one theatre, explains to my satisfaction why playwrights have degenerated more than any other class of writers. A few sala-

ried hacks are retained to scribble dramas wholesale, for a stipend which would not more than requite the labours of a decent journeyman carpenter; and these, animated by "self-love, the spring of action," do their best to destroy all that might tend to throw them into the shade, and ably seconded as they are by the profound dullness of managers and the impertinent meddling of players, combined with the perfect exclusion of rational discipline, their labours in this respect are successful, and for the drama furnished by one out of the theatre, a farrago of incomprehensible grossness and foolery is inflicted on the public scarcely to be endured. Few who have had the treat once, will put themselves in the way of it a second time. The breaker of stones by the roadside, and the sweeper of a crossing, may severally boast that theirs is a more tolerable occupation, and I am much misinformed if they have not the advantage of being better paid for their toil—a circumstance which some of the muses' votaries may deem rather important.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

LETTER VIII.

EVERY portion of the animal may, with advantage, be used for manure; but the substances generally employed by the farmer are the *solid and liquid excrements—the hair, horns, flesh, blood, and bones*. In some cases, as in the use of fish as a manure, the entire carcase is thrown on the land.

We may mention here the interesting fact, that, although we do not employ the products of respiration as an artificial manure, yet the immense volumes of water and carbonic acid excreted from the lungs of all animals are principally expended in the processes of fertilization and reproduction. Thus, every healthy man gives off, every twenty-four hours, a quantity of carbon—that essential constituent of plants—varying from nine to fifteen ounces.

The solid excrements employed are principally those of the horse, the cow, the sheep, the pig, the deposited matter of some birds, and, lastly, night-soil. These substances are not all of equal value, as much depends upon the food of the animal, and the form in which it is taken. Thus, the cow gives a much less valuable dung than the horse, because the former takes a larger quantity of liquid food, and gives off the saline and nutritive organic matter in its milk. In fact the dung of the cow contains nearly 80 per cent. of water. Farmers distinguish some excrements as "hot" or "cold." Thus, the dung of the horse is "hot," because it easily heats, and passes into the putrefactive state. The dung of the cow, and of the swine, are "cold," be-

cause they do not readily ferment. They, therefore, form useful additions to those manures which decompose too readily, and consequently but transiently benefit the soil or the growing plant.

The dung of birds is very valuable, as it contains all the combined advantages of the liquid and solid excretions. Pigeons' dung has been valued from the earliest ages; and in ancient times formed an important article of commerce.

The dung of sea-fowl, called by the natives of Peru *guano*, has lately been much employed in this country. It is found in immense quantities on the uninhabited islands and rocky shores of the Peruvian coast. The samples imported are occasionally largely mixed with sand, and even earthy matters, which during successive ages have been deposited with the dung. The more recently formed *guano* contains also feathers, &c. An article has, within the last few months, made its appearance in the market, under the name of African *guano*, obtained, we believe, from some port of the African coast. One or two samples sent for analysis to the laboratory of the Royal Polytechnic Institution were found equal, if not superior, to any brought from the new world. The locality from which it is obtained is kept strictly secret by the fortunate speculator, who has sent out several ships to bring home as much as possible, before other parties discover the store. The most valuable, however, of all manures is night-soil; and yet, of all others, this is most neglected in this country. In China it has long been used most successfully; and in Paris, and some other continental cities, after being dried and mixed with lime, or gypsum, is sold to farmers under the name of *poudrette*. In England the dried night-soil is used to a small extent, under the name of "animalized charcoal," made by mixing it in a dried state with gypsum and wood charcoal, in a fine powder.

The urine of some animals is also used for manure, but not half so extensively as it deserves. This liquid excretion contains numerous important salts, upon whose presence its fertilizing power depends. If we take human urine as an instance, we find that 1,000 parts consist of

Urea, and other organic matters containing nitrogen	49
Phosphate of ammonia, soda, lime, and magnesia	6
Sulphates of ammonia and soda	7
Common salt and murate of ammonia	6
Water	932
	1,000

We have, therefore, in this fluid an immense quantity of those salts which form the richest ingredients of all manures, viz., the urates and other salts of ammonia. In fact, from every 1,000 lbs., we may obtain 68 lbs. of solid matter of the greatest value. It is really to be deplored that so

rich a fertilizer should be continually wasted. It has been calculated that the urine of 10,000 persons would supply all the manure required for "a farm of 1,500 acres, yielding a return of 4,500 quarters of corn, or an equivalent produce of other crops." In Flanders the urine of the cow is collected and saved, and realizes about 2*l.* a year. The Chinese, too, preserve all the urine, both of men and animals. If tanks and receptacles were constructed in this metropolis alone, an immense quantity might be collected, and an enormous revenue obtained. The amount of urine voided in a year by each man averages about 1,000 lbs., from which, recollect, we can obtain 68 lbs. of solid matter of the richest quality, so rich, in fact, that it could not be used for manure alone, but would have to be combined with gypsum or composition of some kind.

Blood is employed sometimes as a manure; rarely, however, in its separate state, but as it comes from the sugar refineries, mixed with lime and animal charcoal.

Horn, hair, and wool, are sometimes used. In China, where every animal product is economized and preserved, the very hair shaved every ten days from the head is collected and sold as a valuable manure. *Bones* are valuable, because they contain not only the usual constituents of animal organic matters, but also numerous earthy substances, which are necessary ingredients in good soils, more especially the phosphates of lime, and magnesia, with soda, and common salt.

The value of animal manures is generally measured by the amount of nitrogen they contain, indicated by the quantity of ammonia evolved; and if we compare the fertilizing effects of animal matters with some vegetable manure, such as farmyard compost, as a standard, we find that to do the same good as 100 lbs. of that material, we require of

Cow-dung	-	-	-	125 lbs.
Horse-dung	-	-	-	73 "
Cows' urine	-	-	-	91 "
Horses' urine	-	-	-	16 "
Pigeons' dung	-	-	-	5 "
Feathers	-	-	-	3 "
Hair	-	-	-	3 "
Horn shavings	-	-	-	3 "
Woollen rags	-	-	-	2 <i>½</i> "

From this statement we learn that 3 lbs. of feathers will do as much, as a fertilizer, as 100 lbs. of farmyard compost. We must not forget, however, that some of these substances act but slowly as manures, on account of their tardy decomposition. Such is the case with feathers, woollen rags, &c., which, although ranking high in the scale, would confer no benefit upon the land perhaps for weeks, or even months.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY MR C. DICKENS.

THEY stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses: whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snowstorms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been ploughed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and waggons; furrows that crossed and re-crossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off, and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water.

The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet there was an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shovelling away on the housetops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball—better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish friars; and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant

shufflings, ankle deep, through withered leaves; there were Norfolk biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags, and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The grocers! oh, the grocers! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar, as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint, and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat, and in its Christmas dress: but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes in the best humour possible; while the grocer and his people were so frank and fresh, that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws to peck at, if they chose.

ALMANACK FOR 1844.

We give the subjoined tabular view of the months, weeks, and days arranged for the coming year, in the hope that it will be found useful for some of the more important purposes of a diary, while it is so compendious as to be readily transferred to a pocket-book, if desirable. Its use will be at once apparent: for instance, the 1st of January falls on a Monday; hence the table not only presents in the column under that head the date of every Monday in that and succeeding months, but also at one glance, in other columns, the figures corresponding with every day in the year:—

1844.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
January . .	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25 31	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27
February . .	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22	2 9 16 23	3 10 17 24
March . . .	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30
April	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27
May	12 19 26	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23	3 10 17 24
June	9 16 23 30	10 17 24 31	11 18 25	12 19 26 31	13 20 27	14 21 28	15 22 29
July	7 14 21 28	8 15 22 29	9 16 23 30	10 17 24 31	11 18 25	12 19 26 31	13 20 27
August . . .	11 18 25	12 19 26	13 20 27	14 21 28	15 22 29	16 23 30	17 24 31
September .	8 15 22 29	9 16 23 30	10 17 24	11 18 25	12 19 26	13 20 27	14 21 28
October . .	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	8 15 22 29	9 16 23 30	10 17 24 31	11 18 25	12 19 26
November .	10 17 24	11 18 25	12 19 26	13 20 27	14 21 28	15 22 29	16 23 30
December .	8 15 22 29	9 16 23 30	10 17 24	11 18 25	12 19 26	13 20 27	14 21 28

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.

Golden Number, or Lunar Cycle	2
The Epoch	11
Solar Cycle	5
Sunday Letter	G F
Roman Indiction	1
Julian Period	6,557
Year of the World	5,445
Shrove Tuesday	Feb. 20
Ash Wednesday	Feb. 21
Easter Sunday	April 7
Low Sunday	April 14
Holy Thursday	May 16
Whit Sunday	May 26
Trinity Sunday	June 2
Advent Sunday	Dec. 1



Arms. Quarterly; first, sa., a fesse, between three lambs, passant, ar., for Lambton; second, ar., a fesse, gu., between three popinjays, vert, collared, of the second, for Lumley; third, ar., an inescutcheon, sa., within an orle of cinquefoils, gu., for D'Arcy.

Crest. A ram's head cabossed, ar., attired sa.

Supporters. Two lions, the dexter, gu., the sinister, az., each ducally gorged and supporting a staff, or, therefrom banners of the second, the dexter banner charged with a cross, patonce, and the sinister with a lion, passant, guardant, of the third.

Motto. "*Le jour viendra.*" "The day will come."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF DURHAM.

THE Lambtons are an ancient family in the county of Durham, as the regular pedigree goes back to the twelfth century, and charters and other evidence prove them to have been established there shortly after the Norman conquest.

Robert de Lambton, feudal lord of Lambton Castle, died in 1350. From him descended, the eighth in succession, John Lambton, Esq., who was born in 1505. He married Agnes, daughter and co-heir of Roger Lumley, Esq., of Ludworth, niece of Richard, Lord Lumley, and great-grand-daughter of King Edward IV, through his natural daughter, Elizabeth Plantagenet, wife of Thomas Lumley, eldest son of General Lord Lumley. Mr Lambton died in 1582, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Robert Lambton, Esq., of Lambton, who married Frances, the daughter of Sir Ralph Eure, Kt., sister of William, Lord Eure, and a descendant of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III. He died in 1583, and was succeeded by his son, Ralph Lambton, Esq., who, in 1593, was succeeded by William Lambton, Esq., of Lambton, his son, who was a colonel of infantry in the service of Charles I, and received the honour of knighthood in 1641. He fell in the battle of Marston Moor, July 2, 1644, and was succeeded in his estates and title by his son, Henry Lambton, Esq. He had several children; but Ralph, the youngest, is named as the "continuator of the line," who, in 1696, married Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of John Hedworth, Esq., of Harraton, heir general and representative of the family of D'Arcy, of Harraton and Herrington. On his decease, in 1717, he was succeeded by his youngest son, John

Lambton, Esq., who succeeded to the estates of his brother William, and became owner of Lambton Castle. He was a major-general in the army, colonel of the 68th foot, and represented Durham in six parliaments. In September, 1763, General Lambton married Susan, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Strathmore. His eldest son, William Henry, on his death, in 1794, succeeded him. The last-named gentleman married, in June, 1791, Anne Barbara Frances, daughter of George Bussey, fourth Earl of Jersey. By her he had a family of three sons and one daughter. William Henry died November 30, 1797, and his widow, who afterwards married the Hon. Charles W. Wyndham, deceased in 1832. His eldest son, John George Lambton, Esq., the late peer, succeeded him. He was born April 12, 1792, and was many years Member of Parliament for the county of Durham, and was elevated to the Peerage, as Baron Durham, January 29, 1828, and advanced to the Viscounty of Lambton and Earldom of Durham, March 15, 1833. His lordship served his country as Ambassador at the Court of St Petersburg, and was Lord Privy Seal from 1830 to 1833, and subsequently Governor-General of North America. He was also G.C.B. Knight of the four orders of St Andrew, St Alexander Newsky, St Anne, and the White Eagle of Russia; as also of Leopold of Belgium, and the Saviour of Greece; a Privy Counsellor and High Steward of Hull. He married, first, in January, 1812, Miss Harriet Cholmondeley, by whom he had three daughters; and, second, December 9, 1816, Louisa Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, Earl Grey, by whom he had issue, Charles William, born January 16, 1818, George Frederick, Mary

Louisa, Emily Augusta, and Alice Anne Caroline. He died in 1840, and his first-named son having preceded him to the grave, he was succeeded by his second, George Frederick D'Arcy Lambton, the present peer, who was born September 5, 1828.

LAURENCE STARK.—A FAMILY PICTURE.

THE above is the title of a work well known to scholars, by Engel, an admired German writer. It has recently been translated and published in the Duchy of Baden. The Grand Duke, who is well acquainted with our language, and a patron of English literature, has permitted it to be dedicated to him; and, as was mentioned some weeks back, granted the translator a private audience, and received him most graciously. To English novel readers 'Laurence Stark' may appear to be rather too quiet, but 'The Family Picture' presents many graceful and affecting touches, with graphic sketches of German life. It opens thus:—

"Mr Laurence Stark was regarded in all H****, where he lived, as a very whimsical, but also a very excellent old man. His dress and his conduct announced at the first glance the old German simplicity of his character. His clothes were always of one uniform colour, grey or brownish, but of superfine cloth; on his head was a little bob-wig, and on occasions a well-powdered periwig; with his little hat he came twice out of the fashion, and twice into it again; the stockings were carefully rolled up over the knee; and the strongly-soled shoes, on which shone a pair of very small, but very brightly polished buckles, were cut off square in front. He was no friend to superfluous linen before the bosom and over the hands; his greatest state was a fine laced neckerchief.

"The faults, of which this excellent man had not a few, and which were often very annoying to those who were obliged to live with him, were so entwined with his best qualities, that it appeared as though neither could exist without the other. Being really wiser than almost all those with whom he had to do, he had become very arbitrary and positive; feeling that no one could justly reproach him with his sentiments and actions, he was towards others a very free, often very troublesome censor; and because, although his customary goodness would not suffer him to be greatly excited by any fault, he was unable to pass over one unnoticed, he had become very ironical and bantering.

"In pecuniary matters, things went remarkably well with him; for, during the long, long years, in which he had traded

and kept house, he had followed the simple maxim: that, in order to become rich, the expenditure must be less than the receipts. As his beginning was but small, and he was indebted for his fortune to his own industry and frugality, he had at first helped himself but very sparingly; but even afterwards, when he had long since earned the first twenty thousand, of which he was accustomed to say, that it had proved sourer to him than all his subsequent wealth, the original spirit of economy still reigned predominant in his house; and this was the principal cause of the constant increase of his fortune.

"Of Mr Stark's many children, only two survived: a son who, after his father's example, had devoted himself to trade; and a daughter. The latter was married to one of the most noted physicians of the place, Dr Herbst: a man possessed of no less skill in producing than in preserving life. He had quite a houseful of youngsters, and this circumstance made the daughter the favourite of the old man, who was a great friend to children. As the son-in-law lived not far from the church which Mr Stark was in the habit of visiting, it was agreed that he should dine with his daughter's husband every Sunday: his piety, indeed, had willingly sometimes have dispensed with the church, if his grandfatherly love could only have dispensed with the sight of so many dear grandsons and daughters. It always opened his heart, when, on entering the house, the little swarm sprang shouting towards him, seized his hands and coat-tails, and coaxed the little presents from him, which he had for them in his pockets. During grace, the eyes of the little ones would sometimes wander about, and then he would softly whisper to them to pay attention; but the one who was the least attentive was himself; for his whole heart was, where his eyes were, with his grandchildren.

"Mr Stark was proportionately dissatisfied with his son. On the one hand, he was too extravagant, spending too much on dress, in riding and driving; but particularly as he went too frequently to the cafés, and into the company of gamblers. On the other hand, it vexed Mr Stark that his son, as a merchant, had so little of an adventurous spirit, and, as a man, too little of the beneficence and generosity of his own character. He regarded him as something between a miser and a spendthrift; two qualities which Mr Stark equally detested. He was himself a true economist, who, by saving and hoarding up, had not so much the money as the great benefits which might be effected by money in view. Where he perceived no object, there he was certain not to give a fraction; but where the aim appeared worthy of the

sacrifice, he gave whole hundreds in the coolest manner in the world. But that which vexed him most with his son, was the fact that, in his thirtieth year, the latter still remained unmarried, and that, judging by appearances, he would increase the number of old bachelors. The father would not persuade the son to any marriage, the son would not conclude any marriage without the father's consent; and both were in taste and way of thinking far too different for their choice or wish ever to agree."

The father is a benevolent oddity; differences occur between him and a worthy but impracticable son, who becomes attached to Madame Lyk, an amiable widow, who has two children. On certain conditions, after serious estrangements and a variety of incidents, the senior consents to be reconciled. A portion of the scene which ensues is subjoined:—

"But why do you not mention one of the chief conditions, your marriage. Have you made no choice yet?"

"With the customary shyness, with which questions of this description are usually answered, the son said—'I have.'

"Do I know her you love?"

"With still greater shyness he brought forth the words—'Only lately.' But how fluently did he speak, as he began to praise the virtues of his lady, and to abuse the malice of certain wretches who discharged their spiteful, venomous darts even at the purest, most unspotted virtue.

"This preface," said the old man, "might frighten me. May I ask the name of your choice?"

"It was of no use that the son pronounced the widow's name, in a very low, modulated voice. He was forced to repeat it all the louder.

"She!" said the old man gravely, taking a few turns up and down; "the widow! Is it only information that you are giving me, or—"

"It is the exposition of my profoundest, dearest wish, for which I entreat your kind approbation, your paternal consent."

"Between yourselves, I hope, everything is already arranged. You are agreed?"

"How rejoiced was the son now to have followed the advice of his brother-in-law, and to be able to assure his father, without swerving from the truth, that not even the first word of love had been exchanged between him and the widow; not even preliminary, under presupposed consent of the father.

"So much the better!" said the old man.

"Then there is nothing to be undone."

"To be undone, my father? Should it, must it be so?"

"I see the path this love has taken very clearly. You have acted towards the

widow with an honesty, with a generosity, of which your heart convinces you that they contribute to your honour, to your greatest honour. Thus the sight of her has naturally become dear to you, for it reminds you of the best action of your life; but real, profound love, which will last till old age, and indemnify you for all that you must give up and sacrifice on her account. No, my son, I cannot possibly presuppose this here; it's impossible!"

"Wherefore impossible, my father—and what should I give up on her account—what should I sacrifice? I see nothing."

"Is the wealth nothing to you, that so many others would bring? The widow herself is without fortune."

"True! but—"

"Her share of the paltry remnant of Lyk's former fortune is, by our laws, the half. How far do you expect this will reach in covering what I may perhaps be compelled to draw from the business?"

"I will retrench, my father. I will retrench the business as far as may be needful, and my household to the very utmost. I will be saving and active in the highest degree."

"Good! But all this you will ask at last, and I ask now: for whom? For a woman, who is already none of the youngest, and of whose beauty no traces will be left in a few years."

"Is it then her beauty that I look at? God is my witness! I have never compared her with any other. That which moved me, and has won me to her for ever, are her virtues, which have been proved in so many a sorrowful, trying position, and of which I was for months a near and a happy witness."

"The old man walked about again, and was silent. 'She has children,' he then recommenced.

"They increase my love for her. They are a pair of angels."

"But angels that have wants. When the little of the father's property that remains for them is exhausted, these children will have called you father, and you will be bound to provide for them as a father."

"That I certainly shall, and shall do it joyfully."

"Joyfully? What you expend on them will be lost to your own children. Will you foolishly throw away on strange blood what might benefit your own. Tell me, I beg, how can you even imagine such a thing—allow it to take possession of you even for a moment?"

"The son knew the father too well not to be exceedingly alarmed. 'You do not speak from your own heart, my father; impossible!'"

"How do you mean? From whose heart but one's own can one speak?"

"You assume a strange, narrow, extremely limited soul, which you lend me as mine. From it you utter these things with which you think to perplex or convince me. I see, I have entirely and for ever lost your respect. I must therefore go my own way; and I will do so. My sole wish to God is"—folding his hands together—"that you may live long, very long, and still see with your own eyes, how much you erred in me, how much you wronged me." He turned from his father to the window, his heart distracted and lacerated by the most adverse feelings.

"The father could not require more than such a proof of his sentiments, and of the total change in his character. After a deep, solemn pause, in which he gave the son time to collect himself, he called him gently by his Christian name: *Charles!*

"The mild, trembling accents of this tone, irresistibly compelled the son to turn round. What were his feelings, at seeing the good, venerable old man standing there, his eyes filled with tears, and his fatherly arms opened to receive him! '*Charles!*' again exclaimed the old man: 'why have you so long concealed yourself from me?'—and now the son, overpowered by his emotions, although still uncertain what he had to hope for, rushed towards his father, seized one of his hands in both his, and covered it with kisses.

"Will you," said the old man, "in this beautiful, and for us both, certainly never-to-be-forgotten hour, swear to me, sacredly swear to me, that you will never think otherwise than as you have just declared yourself? that you will never, not even in the inmost depths of your heart, reproach the good Madame Lyk, or her children with their want of fortune? that you will look upon her love and virtue, as more than all fortune, and always regard her children, as if they were your own?"

"The son was not only moved, he was overwhelmed. 'I will, I will!' he stammered, and was incapable of uttering another word.

"I take your emotion as an oath.' And now laying his hand on his shoulder, he drew him to himself, and kissed him repeatedly and from his heart. 'As to the position in which I shall place you, depend upon me; I am no ungenerous father: and therefore take my house and business; and further—my tender fatherly blessing on your love!'"

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The secretary read a paper 'On the Daguerreotype art,' including a complete history of its origin and progress. The most important part of this communication related to an improvement lately applied; it is a process of engraving on a metallic plate. M. Fizeau, who has

effected one of the greatest improvements in the Daguerreotype, namely, the fixing of the image, is the discoverer of this new mode of engraving. Professor Grove has tried the process, which consists in dissolving, by the electrotype process, those parts of the picture which consist of pure silver. Thus the plate is etched in, and transformed into an engraved plate for printing; the action, however, of the galvanic battery sometimes extends to those parts which should remain unattacked.

Dec. 20. W. H. Hughes, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—A. H. Simpson, S. Lewis, jun., and C. K. Dyer, Esqrs., were elected members. The secretary explained the Automaton Calculator invented by Dr Roth, of Paris, by which any number, either simple or compound sums, may be rapidly and accurately added together, provided the whole amount does not exceed 999,999, or 999,999l. 19s. 11½d. The instrument consists of an oblong mahogany box, fifteen inches and a half long, two inches and a half wide, and one inch thick, having a metal plate at top, in which are nine semi-annular perforations, beneath which are fixed the requisite trains of wheels. Round the perforations are engraved the index figures, opposite to which, in the perforations, are the teeth of corresponding wheels. Under the indexes are nine circular holes, in which the numbers set down appear, as if written on paper or a slate. To set down any required figure, a pointer is inserted in the notch corresponding with that figure on the index, and by pressing the pointer against the left-hand tooth of the notch, it is moved down to the left extremity of the annular perforation, and the figure is at once exhibited in the circular hole beneath. When the operation of adding up any amount within the range already mentioned is finished, it is requisite that 0 should be shown in each of the semi-circular holes, before another operation can be performed; this is done by pulling out a slide at the left end of the instrument, which first gives 999,999l. 19s. 11½d., and by adding ½d., the nine 0s are obtained at once. Mr G. A. Hughes, who has been blind for seven years, exhibited his system of Stenography. The system consists of two dots, the one smooth and the other rough, which, with the aid of a guide line, are so arranged that all the letters of the alphabet, as also the numerals, are readily represented, merely by impressing the paper, either with the smooth end or rough end of the embossing instrument, in squares, regulated by what Mr Hughes calls the formula, consisting of a brass frame, furnished with vertical and horizontal bars.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—Dec. 20.—A communication from Mr Tuck, upon certain Parasites in the Dog, was read. These parasites were found by Mr Topping, on

examining microscopically the contents of the pustules of a mangy dog. They belong to the genus *Demodex* (Owen), first discovered, figured, and described by Dr Lomon, of Berlin, as inhabiting the sebaceous sacs and hair follicles of the human skin. The discovery of this parasite may throw some light on the cause of the disease called "mange," a distemper by no means confined to one class of animals.—Mr Ross communicated an observation relative to the Daguerreotype Process first noticed by R. H. Solly, Esq. If an ordinary Daguerreotype portrait be examined with a power of about 200 linear, the surface in the parts upon which the light has acted, instead of being perfectly smooth, is found to be covered with a series of minute dots or globules, arranged in a hexagonal form.—A fluid for cleaning glass was also presented. It consists of a strong solution of nut-galls. Glass wiped with this fluid is effectually freed from all greasiness.

The ambassador from the Horticultural Society, Mr Fortune, who was sent out to collect plants for that body early in the present year, reached Macao about the 9th of July, and has established himself for the present at Hong Kong. Everybody to whom he had letters received him with the greatest good will. Messrs Dent and Co. very liberally offered him the use of their gardens; and Colonel Malcolm had kindly taken charge of a box of plants (which has since been received, with the contents in excellent order). On the mountains a *Habenaria*, probably *H. Susannæ*, with beautiful fringed white flowers, was common; and Mr Fortune also met with a small yellow-flowered *Cælogyne*, and *Arundina chinensis*. In the gardens he found a white *Glycine*, not so handsome as *G. sinensis*, but rather pretty, and a charming *Mussaenda*, with large white bracts and sweet-scented yellow flowers. The *Lagerstromias* were most beautiful, flowering as freely as our hawthorn, even on small plants.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

(From the Latin of Sir Thomas Moore.)

BY T. BEST.

MAY the companion of your life be such,
Who neither talks too little or too much;
Let her be learn'd, for science have a turn,
If not at least be capable to learn:
A woman thus adorn'd is sure to choose
From proper authors subjects to amuse;
No change of fortune can affect her mind,
If things go well she's pleas'd, if ill resign'd;
In her you'll have a friend, as well as wife,
Who'll cheer your hours throughout this
tedious life:

Your lovely children from their earliest
youth

She'll train to wisdom and a love of truth.

When forc'd by business from your house to
roam,

Impatiently you'll wish to be at home,
From all your social friends with glee retire
To her soft bosom whom you most admire:
When she with skilful hand the lyre ex-
plores,
And from her voice melodious accents pours,
(Than which not Philomel's can be more
clear)

She'll soothe your cares and charm the
list'ning ear:

Pleas'd with her sweet discourse, both day
and night

You'll dedicate to hear her with delight;
New beauties in her ev'ry day descry,
And pass the fleeting hours in love and joy.
When you to mirthful nonsense are inclin'd
In proper bounds she'll keep your captive
mind;

And when by anxious care it is distress'd,
Will never suffer it to be depress'd;
Thus all her eloquence, in each extreme,
She'll use to keep it tranquil and serene.
Such was Eurydice the Thracian's wife:—
He scarcely for a fool expos'd his life,
Or with the charms of music e'er had tried
From hell to repossess a silly bride.
With such a daughter Ovid too was blest,
Of copious ingenuity possess'd.
Such Cicero's Tullia was, upon whose tongue
The eloquence of all her father hung.
And such the mother of the Gracchi fam'd,
From whom they all the lib'ral arts attain'd.

ON THE GREAT DUKE'S SLEEPING IN THE QUEEN'S PRESENCE.

(For the Mirror.)

The Sovereign smiled upon the chief
At finding he a nap was taking,
Because, 'twas more than a belief,
Her foes would ever find him waking.

THE COIL OF ROPE ON NELSON'S PILLAR.

That frightful mass of cord, I feel,
Such lubber foolery to check,
Should be removed from Nelson's heels
And put about his Sculptor's neck.

BEN BACKSTAY.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL MYSTERY.

PALMS OF THE HANDS AND SOLES OF THE
FEET.

In the *Times* journal (August 14, 1841),* an East Indian correspondent states, 'that in the March previous, on crossing the Soubunreeka river, his attention was attracted to a number of human skeletons, which lay scattered upon the white sands adjacent to the course of the stream. Upon inquiry he learned that these were the unfortunate relics of pilgrims who were on their road to the great pagoda at Juggermout, and were drowned two evenings before. On his approaching these remains of mortality, he perceived the flesh completely devoured by Pariah dogs, vultures,

* This narration again appeared in the same journal, October, 1843.

and other animals, leaving entire the bottoms of the feet, and the palms of the hands: this extraordinary circumstance reminding him of the passage recorded in the 2nd Book of Kings, ix, 35: "and they went to bury her (Jezebel), but they found no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands."

In 1834, a middle-aged man, an American by birth, appeared at Westminster Hospital, in order to show himself to the physicians and surgeons of the establishment. He was covered over with a green horny substance in the shape of quills, excepting his face, the palms of his hands, and the soles of his feet. He was known at the fairs as the 'Porcupine Man.'

In the *Philosophical Transactions* (vol. xxxviii, p. 299), mention is made of another man covered with a horny substance, like the quills or bristles of a hedge-hog, all over his person, excepting his face, the palms of his hands, and the soles of his feet.

In 1841, a Welsh youth named Thomas Jones, called the 'Cambrian Porcupine Youth,' was exhibited at the Cosmorama Rooms, Regent street: he also was covered with a coat of hardy thorns, resembling that of a hedge-hog or porcupine: excepting his face, the palms of his hands, and the soles of his feet.

Again: small pox never affects either the soles of the feet, or the palms of the hands.

G. S.

GRANDMAMMA'S GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

The wants of others, Lord, we pray relieve;
With grateful hearts thy blessing we receive.

And oh! accept from us the humble lays
We offer for thy bounties in thy praise.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

For all we have received, eternal Lord,
We offer gratitude with one accord;
Grant that our life on earth may always be
A course of thankfulness and thoughts of thee.

PLAN OF WOLFF, THE MISSIONARY TRAVELER, FOR SEEKING BRITISH CAPTIVES AT BOKHARA.

RECENT advices encourage a hope that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, who were reported to have been murdered by the Khan of Bokhara, are still in the land of the living. Curiosity now anxiously turns to what may be accomplished by Mr Wolff, the missionary, who has volunteered to endeavour to ascertain their fate, and if possible effect their release. The enterprise is one of difficulty and beset with danger. From the 'Friend of India' we learn Wolff proposes to go as a Christian

minister. On the former occasion he entered Bokhara on horseback with his Hebrew Bible and his Greek Testament in his hand. He now proposes to enter it on foot, robed as a doctor of divinity, with his gown and hood. We question whether the haughty King of Bokhara will open the prison doors of the captives at the request even of the wisest doctor of Cambridge or Oxford. As a rigid Mahomedan he can have no respect for the sacred orders of the unbelievers. Neither can Wolff expect to obtain their release for money or without it. If he takes no money he will be laughed at; if he carries the money in his portmanteau it will probably be taken away, and he himself sent to keep the prisoners company, with the hope that the ransom of three will be higher than that of two. To invest him with a public character, and depute him as an envoy from the government, would be to compromise the character of that government, without any hope of effecting the object. The King of Bokhara would be infinitely more likely to cast the accredited agent into a dungeon than to liberate the prisoners at his request. Every effort that could be made, short of the despatch of a public mission, was made by Sir W. Macnaughten to effect the release of Colonel Stoddart at a time when we were all-powerful in Afghanistan, and seemed to hold the destinies of Central Asia in our hands; but he failed.

Miscellaneous.

MESMERISM.—A boy was lately said to have been mesmerised at Deptford. Mr D. Hope, surgeon to the Dreadnought hospital ship, treated the case as an attempt to impose on public credulity. Mr Vernon, the individual reflected upon, a lecturer on mesmerism, in consequence requested, in the course of last week, the presence of a number of medical men to witness a renewal of the experiments. The result of these is described to have been such as to shake the opinions of those who had been most sceptical on the subject, and to establish the skill and integrity of Mr Vernon.

LAST MOMENTS OF CASIMIR DELAVIGNE, THE CELEBRATED FRENCH POET.—"The invalid, accompanied by his wife and son, was obliged to stop at Lyons by his malady. A physician was called in, who considered his illness fatal, and informed Madame Delavigne that her husband had only a few hours to live. He succeeded, however, in restoring calmness to the patient, who had been alarmed. About eight the same evening, the poet, lying in bed, and in full possession of his faculties, asked his wife, in order to amuse the son, to read aloud. She took up 'Guy Mannering,' and continued reading for three quarters of an

hour, at which time the patient asked for drink. As she was taking some precaution, when offering him the glass, not to fatigue him, he cried, 'Oh! give it, I am strong enough!' He raised himself up with some difficulty, and, leaning his head on his right hand, asked his wife to continue. But his features were changed, for death was near. Madame Delavigne perceived the alteration, but, concealing her grief, resumed her reading, which her emotion rendered unintelligible. 'Why,' said the dying man, 'you are skipping whole sentences;' and, addressing his son, told him to go on himself. A moment after the head of Casimir Delavigne fell back on the pillow. He began to recite some verses of a tragedy at which he had been at work for some time, and which was to be called 'Mélusine.' In two minutes after life had fled, and the nearly concluded work, which occupied his thoughts during his last moments, perished with him, for the deceased never wrote his pieces until after having completed them in his mind, and then recited them from memory at the moment of preparing them for the theatre."

CHARCOAL MOST EFFECTIVE IN THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.—Mr Barnes, of Bickton, says, "Charcoal is the most astonishing article to make use of for all purposes of cultivation, and especially for plants under artificial treatment. I judge from many years' experience in its use. My pine soils consist of nothing but charcoal and loam, without a particle of manure of any sort. Every plant under my care has some charcoal used about it. I never yet saw the plant that did not delight in it, and to healths it is most especially acceptable." Mr Stewart, gardener at Stradsett hall, has exhibited to the Horticultural Society some cucumbers grown in equal parts of loam and charcoal, without any manure. No stimulant could have given better fruit, so far as health was concerned.

OPENING OF THE TOMB OF HENRY THE FIRST AT QUEDLINBURGH.—His Majesty of Prussia paid a visit to Quedlinburgh at the end of last month, to the celebrated vault beneath the chapel of the castle in that town,—which chapel is built entirely of sandstone, whose exhalations are reported to have the property of preserving bodies from corruption. To test the virtue of this species of embalming, his Majesty caused to be opened the tomb containing the remains of the Emperor Henry the First, who died in 936, and that enclosing the body of the famous Countess of Koenigsmark, the mother of Marshal Saxe, who died in 1728. The body of the Emperor was dried up, the features were undistinguishable, and the vestments crumbled into dust:—but the body of the countess was wonderfully preserved, the face yet retaining the traces of her mar-

vellous beauty. Her dress, consisting of a robe of silver brocade, a Mary-Stuart cap, in white velvet, embroidered with silver and pearls, white silk stockings, and white satin shoes, had all the gleam and freshness of novelty.

FRENCH HUSBANDS WITH ENGLISH WIVES.—It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the strong prejudices which the French entertain towards England and the English, the French gentlemen give a decided preference to English ladies, when they mean to marry. An Englishman visiting Paris is surprised at the number of English ladies with French husbands, whom he meets with in society. If an English lady, of passable appearance, remains long unmarried in Paris, the presumption is that the fault is her own. It is worthy of remark, on the other hand, that an English gentleman, resident in Paris, very rarely marries a French lady.—*Paris and its People.*

STATISTICS.—The rate of increase of the population between 1831 and 1841 in England, varies from 2·4 per cent. in the county of Hereford, to 36·9 in Manchester. The rate of increase in the number of inhabited houses for the same period, varies from 4·7 to 41·1 per cent., the houses in Westmoreland having only increased 4·7 per cent., whilst those of Durham have increased 41·1 per cent. In the following counties of England the number of males exceeds that of the females:—Hereford, 78; Lincoln, 914; Monmouth, 6,857; Rutland, 140; Stafford, 7,224; and in Wales—Brecon, 545; Flint, 697; Glamorgan, 4,550; Radnor, 296. The greatest excess of females occurs in the county of Middlesex, where there are 1,133 females to 1,000 males, no doubt arising from the great number of female servants in the metropolis and its suburbs. In the county of Bedford, 25 in 100 women marry under age; in Huntingdon, 25; in Cambridge, 23; in Essex, 23; in Northampton, 22; in Hereford, 22; in the West Riding of York, 21; in the East Riding of York, 11; Cumberland, 10; Westmoreland, 10; Devon, 9; Salop, 9; Hereford, 9. The lowest annual value of real property per square mile in England, is 349*l.*, being the county of Westmoreland; and the highest the county of Middlesex, 25,683*l.* In Wales, the lowest in the county of Merioneth, 175*l.*; and the highest in the county of Flint, 877*l.*

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.—It was her temper that involved her in lawsuits with her own children. Her eldest grandson, Robert, Earl of Sunderland, died before he had forfeited her favour. Charles was no sooner elevated to his father's dignity, than she openly quarrelled with, and in the Court of Chancery pleaded her own cause against him. She accused him of

pawning, one by one, the diamonds in the famous baldric of the great Marlborough's sword, and his extravagance gave point to the charge; yet John, her youngest grandson, who was no less profligate, retained her favour in the midst of his excesses. Her grand-daughter, Lady Anne Egerton, was as proud as the duchess herself, and no less fiery; on some quarrel between them, the Duchess of Marlborough had Lady Anne's picture daubed with black, and over it this inscription, "She is much blacker within." With her the ruling passion was strong even against death. About four years before her demise, the duchess was attacked by a dangerous disease, and had lain a great while ill without speaking; her physician, believing her case very bad, said, "she must be blistered or she will die." Her grace, who had listened with attention, called out, "I won't be blistered, and I won't die!" She kept her word.

SCENES AT TAUNTON.—Taunton was twice in possession of rebels during the reign of Henry VII. First it was seized by one Flemmock, a Cornish lawyer, and Michael Joseph, a blacksmith, who here murdered the provost of Penryn, a commissioner of that subsidy which provoked the Cornish to rebel. Not long after the impostor, Perkin Warbeck, took possession of it, but was soon compelled to fly by the Devonshire forces. In the time of the civil wars a garrison was first placed here by the parliament, which was soon driven out by the Marquis of Hereford's men. Nor did the royal party long continue in possession; for the place was in a little time taken by Colonel Blake, afterwards general and admiral, who was appointed governor. Not long after it was besieged by a party of the royal army, under Lord Goring; but Blake defended it till he was relieved. Taunton was also, after the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth, the chief scene of Jeffrey's and Kirk's inhuman executions. The latter caused nineteen wounded men to be hanged here without even permitting their friends or relations to speak with them. Vast numbers were condemned by Jeffreys. He persuaded the poor wretches to confess their guilt, and throw themselves on the king's mercy. But this was only a snare: he caused them to be immediately executed, and their quarters to be exposed upon trees by the roadside. Above twenty gentlemen were ignominiously executed; and when James II issued a proclamation of pardon, forty young ladies were particularly excepted, because they had presented the duke with colours made at the expense of the town. Taunton has two annual fairs—the first 17th of June, and the second 7th July and two following days.

The Gathers.

Workhouse Occupations.—The notice lately taken of the cruel practice of making in workhouses garments at a very reduced price, has caused several praiseworthy efforts in the metropolitan parishes to put a stop to the evil. The Hackney Union guardians were summoned for this week to consider of a resolution deprecating the low remuneration of sempstresses, and ordering that the master be now desired not to receive any more slop-work at the present remuneration paid for it, nor, in fact, at any price until the same has been previously submitted to, and approved by, the board; in the hope that this example may be followed by other boards of guardians, and the evil so loudly complained of redressed.

Metropolitan Drapers' Association.—From an able address on the subject, which appears among our advertisements, it will be seen that a powerful effort is making to shorten the hours of business, now uselessly protracted, with every prospect of success.

Density of Population.—In the county of Westmoreland there are only 74 inhabitants to a square mile, while in the county of Lancaster there are 944. In the county of Middlesex, the number is 5,591 inhabitants to a square mile. In Wales, the numbers vary from 59 in the counties of Merioneth and Radnor, to 274 in that of Flint. The average number of inhabitants to each house in England in 1841, was 5·4, and in Wales 4·8.

Master Printers in the Time of Charles I.—Archbishop Laud procured a decree to be passed in the Star Chamber, July 1, 1637, "to regulate," says Heylyn, "the trade of printing, and prevent all abuses of that excellent art to the disturbance of the church." By this decree it was ordered, "That the master printers from thenceforth should be reduced to a certain number; and that if any other should secretly or openly pursue that trade he should be set in the pillory, or whipped through the streets, and suffer such other punishment as that court might think fit to inflict upon him.

Alarms of the Rich and Poor.—In no government can the powers be so balanced, and rights and duties so clearly defined, as to obviate all suspicion that the authority entrusted for the welfare of the community will not be abused. The wealthy dread the open aggression of the poorer classes. The latter stand in no less alarm of the silent invasion of their liberties by the rich, who, being usually possessed of considerable legitimate power, have no occasion to set the laws at defiance when endeavouring to increase their own

privileges at the expense of those of their fellow-citizens.

French Romance.—The *Morgue* is the source of much of the inspiration of *la jeune France*. When we put together the prison, the gibbet, the pillory, the gallows, the dissecting-room, the hangman and the priest, the monster-criminal and the monster-beauty we shall have enumerated a considerable portion of the elements of the modern French romance. We nearly complete the list by adding an air of antiquity, assuming the language of the ancient chronicles, a monarch mad or cruel, an alchemist's laboratory, a monk or a sooth-sayer.

Destructive Engines shorten War.—If the annihilation of armies could be made to depend upon the pointing of a single great gun by the Emperor Nicholas or the Emperor of Austria in any particular direction, no army in the world would stand such imperial manœuvring; whole nations would stand up as one man, protesting against being made imperial pinneps, and warfare would cease to be a royal game. — *Westminster Review*.

A Denbighshire Charm.—The well of St Thecla, in Denbighshire, was celebrated for the cure of epilepsy, by the following ceremony:—The sun being set, the patient washes himself in the well, and walking thrice round it, repeats the Lord's prayer each time. If a male, he makes an offering of a cock; if a female, she offers a hen. The fowl is carried in a basket round the well, and then into the churchyard. The patient enters the church and places himself under the communion table, where, putting a bible under his head, and being covered with a cloak, he rests till day-break; and then, having made an offering of sixpence, and leaving the fowl in the church, he departs. If the fowl dies the disease is supposed to be transferred to the bird, and the cure, of course, effected.

Arithmetic Taught at Grammar Schools.—The Charter-house grammar school was founded in 1610. The statutes made in 1627 provide that it should be "the master's care and the usher's charge" to teach arithmetic to those boys who might be more fitted for trades than for the learned professions, so little did our forefathers insist upon inviting all to devote themselves exclusively to classics.

Archbishop Laud's Dying Pun.—This unfortunate prelate was never accused of levity in his parting moments, but there was something like a play upon words in the last sentences he uttered. Turning to approach the block, but finding the way obstructed by people who had placed themselves upon the scaffold, he begged them "to let him have room to die." Being close to the block he took off his doublet, and seeing through the chinks of the

boards that some people had got under the scaffold about the very spot where the block was placed, he called to the officer to stop the chinks, or to remove the people thence, saying, "it was no part of his desires that his blood should fall upon the heads of the people."

Anti-Nepotism.—"In the trust I have exercised through life," says Jefferson, the American President, "with powers of appointment, I can say with truth, and with unspeakable comfort, that I never did appoint a relation to office, and that merely because I never saw the case in which some one did not offer or occur better qualified."

Earl Hardwicke and the Corn Laws.—At his annual rent audit Earl Hardwicke made an important statement. He said he, in common with Sir R. Peel and the Duke of Buckingham, was opposed to free trade, but he thought that ultimately free-trade principles must prevail. But he conceived the result would not be so disastrous as had been anticipated.

Anachronism in Hamlet.—"The first act ends," says Voltaire, "with the king giving his royal orders (and which must never be disobeyed) to fire all the cannon round the ramparts, two hundred years before the use of gunpowder was known."

The Hobby.—In 'The Regulations and Establishment of Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, 1512,' mention is made of the number of horses kept for the use of "my lordis and my ladys." Among them we find the *Hobys* particularly mentioned: they were of a small size, and active; originally from Ireland; and were so highly prized, and so universally admired by every one, as to become a proverbial expression—"he's riding his hobby."

Abode of James.—The residence of the ill-starred James, Duke of York, is still standing in High street, Peckham. It is an unpretending building, with a stuccoed frontage, having two Corinthian pilasters. The fore-court and ground-floor are now being converted into a general dealer's shop.

— Gilded roofs do not keep out sleepless nights.

— A hundred years of trouble are not worth a day of tranquillity.

— Pythagoras says, "Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The usual Supplement, price two pence, beautifully illustrated, with Index to the Volumes, is published with the present number.

Answers to several correspondents are necessarily delayed. We hope shortly to diminish the arrears.

LONDON: Published by JOHN MORTIMER, Adelade Street, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.
Printed by C. BRYNELL, 16 Little Pulteney street, and at the Royal Polytechnic Institution.